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I.—NOTES ON TIBULLUS.

The natal hour of my edition of Tibullus fell on Friday, June 13, 1913. Friday and two thirteens—an ominous conjunction. And more than that, my own natal hour had also been ominous—it had been marked by a total eclipse of the goddess supposed to preside at such functions. Perhaps then, I may consider myself lucky to have escaped with nothing worse, so far, than the otherwise mysterious disappearance of my own copy of the book, in which I had entered a number of marginal notes, for future use. Some, however, I was able to restore from memory, and a few of them, together with certain others which have come to my notice during the past year, are my chief excuse for the present article.

Under ordinary circumstances, I should make no comment on the fact that these notes are so largely concerned with the literary tradition of Tibullus in modern times. It would not be necessary, despite the fact that one of my reviewers, Professor Emile Thomas, objected to the insertion of such material in a commentary; he considers it incongruous, a hindrance, rather than a help, to the student's appreciation of his author. This is a question of taste and, so far at least as American students are concerned, a question of pedagogical method upon which I am quite content to differ with Professor Thomas without any further discussion. My reasons for it, and therefore my reasons for emphasizing the literary tradition of Tibullus, are set forth in the Introduction to my edition (p. 66 ff.). But in view of one particular remark made by him in this connection, I will state them again from a slightly different point of view.

'Je puis bien assurer M. Smith', he says, 'que, de tous les vers français qu'il cite, il en est beaucoup qui pour nous sont mauvais sans conteste et d'auteurs que nous nous garderons bien de relire.'

The statement is frank; my reply shall be equally frank. I do not need the assurance of Professor Thomas to convince me that a good share of the French echoes of Tibullus, which I have quoted, are dull. To have failed to realize that would argue a dullness on my own part, from which personally I beg to be absolved. I can swear they are dull, those French authors whom he included in his arraignment, for I have read them—I have even read others of the same dreary period in my own tongue, who, incredible as it may seem, are duller yet. Indeed, the most notable and significant peculiarity of the literary tradition of Tibullus as a whole is the fact that modern reminiscences whenever and wherever found are at once so remarkably uncommon and so remarkably commonplace, not only few and far between but confined for the most part to second and third rate authors.

If, therefore, my only purpose in collecting this material had been to point a moral, or adorn a commentary, my labour would have been practically in vain. But that was not my purpose. My purpose was to give something like definite form to what I consider highly important to our understanding and valuation of any classical author—the living tradition of him in succeeding times. In the case of writers so well known and widely read as were Vergil and Horace, the living tradition is attested in a dozen different ways—literary reminiscence is merely one of them. In the case of Tibullus, on the contrary, literary reminiscence is always our most important witness, sometimes it is our only witness. It is disappointing, of course, to learn that reminiscences of the great master of Roman elegy are so rare and so largely confined to inferior writers. But if such is the fact, it is of the highest importance to know it; for it is the literary tradition that reflects and illuminates qualities of the poet's work which we cannot afford to lose sight of. I have already discussed those qualities in my Introduction, and will, therefore, content myself here with emphasizing anew the fact that the literary tradition of Tibullus, in both quantity and quality, is the direct and inevitable result of that rare type of literary art of which Tibullus and Julius Caesar are the most

conspicuous examples. Imitations of Tibullus are few because he deals with traditional motives and is not a man of striking phrases, in short, because in the ordinary sense he furnishes so little to imitate. Imitations of him are inferior, because if he is to be imitated at all, it must be closely and as a whole. It is no accident, therefore, that the most notable imitators of Tibullus should all be of this type, and all second-rate. The *Elegie* of Luigi Alamanni are rarely read except by specialists; James Hammond was never a name to conjure with, and is now completely forgotten; and as for Bertin, I could quite believe Professor Thomas if he were to assure me that few Frenchmen who read Bertin once will ever be guilty of the same offence again.

Briefly then, I emphasize the literary tradition of Tibullus, because to my mind it has a definite historical and critical value, and because I have learned by experience that it stimulates the interest of the average American student. And I distribute it through the Commentary, rather than group it elsewhere, because I also know by experience that unless the student finds it then and there, he will never find it at all.

I should like to believe that my book had something in it for the scholars of other nations, but after all, it was designed primarily for my own countrymen. And if it serves that purpose, I ought to be content.

In conclusion, I should like to express my regret that, owing to circumstances, I could not utilize either Professor Cartault's Tibullus, or Professor Rasi's *De Elegia Romana*. The former arrived too late to be mentioned even in my Preface; and the copy of the latter in our Library proved to be defective, and I have never been able to find or secure another anywhere.

Unless otherwise stated, the echoes and references quoted both here and in my Commentary are all derived from my own reading of the authors mentioned. This, I trust, will explain and excuse their somewhat irregular and miscellaneous character.

A word, to begin with, regarding translations. As I said in my Introduction (p. 65), the translation of Tibullus by T. C. Williams (Boston, 1905), so far as I know, is the first and only complete version by an American. Since then I have happened upon a translation of one elegy, which was made by a Conti-

mental officer in 1778. A copy of his works in which this version was afterwards published is now in my possession. The title-page reads :

'The Lyric Works of Horace, translated into English Verse: to which are added, a number of Original Poems. By a Native of America. Philadelphia, Printed by Eleazer Oswald, at the Coffee-House. M,DCC,LXXXVI.'

The frontispiece, marvelous in design and execution, is entirely due to local talent, 'the work', as the author explains at the end of the volume, 'of Mr. James Peller Malcom, of this city, a young artist, who served but a short time to the business, therefore any inaccuracies therein must be imputed to the above cause'.

The 'Native of America' was Col. John Parke, and the book begins with a long dedication

'To his Excellency George Washington, Esq., L. L. D. late General and Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, Marechal of France, &c. &c. &c.'

Then after a long and curious 'Preface addressed to the subscribers' (pp. vii-xxiv) we have (pp. xxv-xxxvii)

'The Life of Horace, Compiled from different Authors with remarks on his Character, addressed to his excellency Benjamin Franklin, Esq. L: L: D. F: R: S: President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, &c. &c. &c.'

Pages 1-190 contain translations of the Odes and Epodes of Horace, most of which are individually addressed to persons more or less prominent at the time. These are followed (pp. 190-334) by 'Translations from the Greek and Latin, with Original Poems'. Some of these are by Colonel Parke, others by various friends. The long and interesting list of subscribers at the end of the book closes with a note in which

'The Author returns his thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, for the kind assistance they have given him in promoting this work. The other states have not yet sent forward their subscriptions, which he is well inform'd are very considerable.'

On page 206 ff. we have twelve Elegies, the first of which is a translation of Tibullus I, 1. So far as I have yet discovered, this is the first American translation of any portion of Tibullus. It is addressed to 'Miss M. N.' and dated in "Camp at Valley-

Forge, Apr. 7, 1778". What a vision the words call up! There was an old engraving familiar to my boyhood entitled 'Washington Praying at Valley-Forge'. I have never seen a picture of the great commander swearing at Valley-Forge. Perhaps there is none. Nor yet of the soldiers whittling out chessmen for Mrs. Washington. Nor of Col. John Parke writing verses to 'Miss M. N.'—and other damsels of the eighteenth century. But praying or swearing, whittling or writing verses were only so many ways of winning through a trial so long and so bitter that the tradition of it lasted for more than three generations.

Quam iuvet immites ventos audire cubantem
et dominam tenero continuisse sinu
aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
securum somnos imbre iuvante sequi!

'What joy, to have the howling tempest sweep,
And clasp my bashful Delia in my arms!
Lull'd by the beating showers, we sink to sleep
Or wake to mutual bliss, secure from harms.'

Not a very successful rendering perhaps. But who knows how cold his fingers were at the time he wrote it, and what excellent reasons he may have had for envying the warmth and comfort pictured in the Latin text.

Tibullus I, 1, 45-48, the distichs just quoted above, are, as Professor Mustard points out, imitated by Hugo Grotius, *Poemata omnia*, Amsterdam, 1670, p. 141 (*Hyemis Commoda Eleg. Lib. I.*).

Quam juvat insomnem ventos audire gementes,
Tutaque in angusto membra levare toro,
Et dominam fovisse sinu, si nocte suprema
Frigidus hyernas moverit Auster aquas?

Professor Mustard also notes that Franciscus Modius Bruggensis professes some indebtedness to Tibullus. Cp. p. 2. (*Wirtzeburgi*, 1583):

Sed rivi manent; quid enim manifesta negabo?
Ducti de genii sive, Tibulle, tui, etc.

For example, in *Elegia VII*, p. 29,

Cum gaudente foco semper lucente Tibullo

is a reference to Tib. I, 1, 6,

Dum meus adsidue luceat igne focus.

The last line of his *Carmina Sacra* III, 12,

Despiciam reges despiciamque duces,

almost repeats the last line of Tibullus I, 1; and the same may be said of (*Carmina Sacra* III, 13, p. 134)

Nox adoperta caput tenebris

and Tibullus I, 1, 70. Finally in his *Silvae*, XI (p. 102), he has a little poem entitled "*Albius Tibullus*":

Ut Cidnus nullas sordes, nitidissimus amnis,

Volvit et a limo purus ubique fluit:

Sic mea Romanas inter castissima Musas

Undique nativo culta decore nitet.

Ergo aliae placeant ornatu trans mare sumto:

Nostra suo et patrio si placet una, sat est.

in which, by the way, it is of interest to observe that the text itself is more suggestive of Propertius than of the author to whom it is addressed.

Tibullus I, 1, 55.

Me retinent vinctum formosae vincla puellae,

Et sedeo duras ianitor ante fores.

Chariteo, *Cantico* IV, 146-8 (Benedetto Gareth, detto il Chariteo. Rime, ed. E. Percopo, Naples, 1892, p. 333).

Il captivo d'Amor senza compagna,

Ante le chiuse porte, ardendo, giace,

Et cantando di lagrime si bagna.

Chariteo (1492-1555) is one of the most notable imitators of Tibullus among the earlier Italian poets. The imitations in his Rime noted here are taken from the commentary of Percopo.

Speaking of the last days of Dr. Johnson, Boswell says (vol. 2, p. 639, Oxford, 1904):

"Nobody was more attentive to him than Mr. Langdon, to whom he tenderly said [Tib. I, 1, 60]:

Te teneam moriens deficiente manu."

An interesting example of a rule which seems to apply more or less generally to scholars and literary men. Reminiscences are likely to begin with some special association, and show a marked tendency to recur. So in this case, if we go back thirty-odd years to one of Johnson's own essays, in the *Adven-*

turer for May 25, 1753 (Works, ed. Murphy, London, 1801, vol. III, p. 174), we find the following delectable passage :

"The nicety of these minute allusions I shall exemplify by another instance, which I take this occasion to mention, because, so I am told, the commentators have omitted it. Tibullus addresses Cynthia (sic) in this manner :

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

Before my closing eyes, dear Cynthia stand,
Held weakly by my fainting, trembling hand.

To these lines Ovid thus refers in his elegy on the death of Tibullus (Amor. III, 9, 55) :

Cynthia decedens, felicius, inquit, amata
Sum tibi; vixisti dum tuus ignis eram.
Cui Nemesis, quid, ait, tibi sunt mea damna dolori?
Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.

Blest was my reign, retiring Cynthia cry'd:
Not till he left my breast, Tibullus dy'd.
Forbear, said Nemesis, my loss to moan,
The fainting, trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this passage, which consists in the appropriation made by Nemesis of the line originally directed to Cynthia, had been wholly imperceptible to succeeding ages, had chance, which had destroyed so many greater volumes, deprived us likewise of the poems of Tibullus."

It may be added that had the same chance destroyed all surviving references to Propertius, we should be quite unable to explain how and why the Doctor came to substitute Cynthia for Delia throughout his entire discussion.

Tibullus I, 2, 7-14.

Ianua difficilis domini, te verberet imber,
Te Iovis imperio fulmina missa petant.
Ianua, iam pateas uni mihi, victa querellis,
Neu furtim verso cardine aperta sones,
Et mala si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,
Ignoscas: capiti sint precor illa meo.
Te meminisse decet quae plurima voce peregi
Supplice, cum posti florida sarta darem.

p. 431, Canzoni II, 50.

Crudel & dyre porte,—il vo' pur dire,
Non vi volete aprire?—horrido legno,
Pien d' ira & de disdegno—& gelosia,

Nudo di cortesia—& di pietate ;
 Superbe porte, ingrate—ad tanti honori ;
 Non vedrete più fiori,—mhyrti, o rose.

p. 429, Canzoni II, 10.

Nè facciate stridore—ad chi riposa.

p. 430, Canzoni II, 22 ff.

Quante volte da sera,—o belle porte,
 M'havete visto, ad morte—gia vicino,
 Piagner fin al matino,—inanzi il sole,
 Ornando di viole—& di ghirlande
 Ambe due queste bande—& tutto il loco,
 Che fusse vèr me un poco—omai pietoso,
 Et desse alcun riposo—al viver mio!

Tibullus I, 2, 75-76.

Quid Tyrion recubare toro sine amore secundo
 Prodest, cum fletu nox vigilanda venit?

Cf. James Shirley *Triumph of Beauty* (Works, ed. Dyce. London, 1833, vol. 6, p. 336).

and what are all the treasures
 And gifts of Juno, kingdoms pil'd on kingdoms,
 Which at the best but multiply thy cares
 To keep, if Love be not propitious to thee?

Tibullus I, 2, 89-90.

Vidi ego qui iuvenum miseros lusisset amores
 Post Veneris vinculis subdere colla senem.

So in Thomas Heywood's *The Faire Maide of the Exchange* (London, Pearson, 1784, vol. 2, p. 49) Phillis exclaims:

I thanke thee porter, and thanke Love withall,
 That thus hath wrought the tyrant Goldings fall,
 He once scorn'd Love, jeasted at wounded hearts,
 Challeng'd almighty beauty, rail'd at passion,
 And is he now caught by the eyes and heart?

Tibullus I, 3, 4.

Abstineas avidas, Mors precor atra, manus,

is quoted by Frédéric Plessis—omitting avidas—for his sonnet to Antony Valabrègue, *Vesper Paris*, Lemerre, 1897, p. 64.

Tibullus I, 3, 57-66, the *Lovers' Elysium*, seems to have been a favourite conception with James Shirley, whom I have already

mentioned above. For example, in his *Love in a Maze*, V, 3 (vol. 2, p. 361), the conjurer says:

Know then, they are wander'd far,
Led by Cupid, God of loves,
They have now arriv'd those groves,
Where no happy soul can sleep,
Venus doth there revels keep;
Consecrating day and night
To song, to kisses, and delight:
They in Elysium breathe, etc.

Cf. his *Honoriam* and *Mammon*, II, 3 (vol. 6, p. 29):

To climb no higher than Elysium yet;
Where the pale lovers meet, and teach the groves
To sigh, and sing bold legends of their loves.

And his *Triumph of Beauty* (vol. 6, p. 337):

Poets have feign'd Elysium after death, etc.

Tibullus I, 3, 59,

Hic choreae cantusque vigent,

is used by Ben Jonson as the motto of his masque of *The Fortunate Isles*.

Tibullus I, 4, 21.

*Nec iurare time: Veneris periuria venti
Irrita per terras et freta summa ferunt.*

These lines are quoted by Benedictus Curtius Symphorianus in his *Commentary on the Aresta Amorum* of Martial d'Auvergne, Paris, 1566, p. 42. For other quotations cf. e. g., pp. 284; 294; 355; 386; 414; 415; 434; 653; 734; 847.

Tibullus I, 4, 27.

*At si tardus eris, errabis: transiet aetas:
Quam cito non segnīs stat remeatque dies.*

Chariteo, p. 202, Sonetto CLXI, 1-2.

*Corre 'l tempo con gli anni e' giorni in fretta,
L' età velocemente al fin contende.*

Tibullus I, 4, 63-64, is the passage referred to by Federico Luigini da Udine in his *Libro della Bella Donna* (Tratti del Cinquecento, Bari, Laterza, 1913, p. 248), while discussing the ivory neck of Narcissus.

'Questa è simile', he says, 'alla favola di Pelope di Vergilio nel terzo

della Georgica. Tibullo al primo delle sue colte Elegie ed il medesimo vostro Ovidio al sesto delle Trasformazione ne fanno menzione, etc.'

Tibullus I, 4, 65-66.

Quem referent Musae vivet dum robora tellus,
Dum caelum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas

was used for the title-page of *Belvedere*, or the Garden of the Muses. Imprinted at London by F. K. for Hugh Astley, dwelling at Saint Magnus corner, 1600. This book, the editor of which was the well-known John Bodenheim, is criticised and incidentally the quotation from Tibullus on the title-page is paraphrased and adapted as follows by 'Judicio' in *The Return from Parnassus*, which was first acted in 1601 [Dodsley's *Old English Plays* ed. Hazlitt, London, 1874, vol. IX, p. 111] :

Judicio. Considering the furies of the time, I could better endure to see those young can-quaffing hucksters shoot off their pellets, so they would keep them from these English 'Flores Poetarum', but now the world is come to that pass, that there starts up every day an old goose that sits hatching up those eggs which have been filched from the nest of crows and kestrels. Here is a book, Ingenioso; why, to condemn it to clear fire, the usual Tyburn of all misliving papers, were too fair a death for so foul an offender.

Ingenioso. What's the name of it, I pray thee, Judicio?

Judicio. Look, it's here: 'Belvedere'.

Ingenioso. What, a bell-wether in Pauls Churchyard! so called because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinkling bell of so many poets about the neck of it? What is the rest of the title?

Judicio. 'The Garden of the Muses.'

Ingenioso. What have we here, the poet garish, gaily bedecked, like fore-horses of the parish? What follows?

Judicio. Quem referent musae, vivet, dum robora tellus,
Dum caelum stellas, dum vebit (sic) amnis aquas.

Who blurs fair paper with foul bastard rhymes,
Shall live full many an age in latter times:
Who makes a ballad for an ale-house door,
Shall live in future times forevermore:
Then (), thy muse shall live so long,
As drafty ballads to thy praise are sung.

Tibullus I, 5, 37-38.

Saepe ego temptavi curas depellere vino:
At dolor in lacrimas verterat omne merum,

is clearly the inspiration of Lebrun's verses *A Climène* (Epigrammes, etc., Paris, 1713, p. 148) :

Depuis qu'il a fallu m'arracher de vos charmes,
 Je bois pour adoucir l'excès de mon chagrin;
 Aimable Climène, mes larmes
 Sont la seule eau que je mets dans mon vin.

Tibullus I, 5, 39-40.

Saepe aliam tenui: sed iam cum gaudia adirem,
 Admonuit dominae deseruitque Venus.

The passage from Mario Equicola which I quoted in my note on these lines was evidently responsible in large part for the following in Giuseppe Betussi's amusing dialogue known as *Il Raverta* (*Trattati d' Amore del Cinquecento*, Bari, 1912, p. 71). Here Baffa, who acts as the apologist of her sex, says:

Lasciate, di grazia, star tanti poeti, perché, volendo coprire il difetto, ch' è in loro, l' instabilità, l' attribuiscono a noi donne. Come fece Tibullo ch' amò Delia e lasciolla per Nemesi, e poi lasciò Nemesi, e tolse Neera, ed alla fine fu sì ardito che scrisse le donne essere instabili e leggere.

Tibullus I, 5, 57,

Sunt numina amanti,

was used by John Gay for the title-page of his *Dione*.

Tibullus I, 6, 63-64.

Vive diu mihi, dulcis anus: proprios ego tecum,
 Sit modo fas, annos contribuisse velim.

The thought expressed is not uncommon in antiquity.

Cp. Plautus *Asinaria*, 609-610.

Egon te? quam si intellegam deficere uita, iam ipse
 Vitam meam tibi largiar et de mea ad tuam addam.

Propertius, IV, 11, 95.

Quod mihi detractum est, vestros accedat ad annos:
 Prole mea Paullum sic iuuet esse senem.

Seneca, *De Brev. Vitae*, VIII, 4.

Nec est tamen, quod putes illos ignorare, quam cara res sit: dicere solent eis, quos valdissime diligunt, paratos se partem annorum suorum dare.

Statius *Silvae*, V, 1, 176.

Tum sic unanimum moriens solatur amantem:
 Pars animae victura meae, cui linquere possim
 O utinam, quos dura mihi rapit Atropos, annos:

Tertullian, *Apologeticus*, 35, speaking of certain occasions when the emperor appeared before the people, says:

Iam si pectoribus ad translucendum quamdam speculari materiam natura obduxisset, cuius non praecordia insculpta apparerent novi ac novi Caesaris scenam congiario dividendo praesidentis etiam illa hora qua acclamant:

De nostris annis tibi Iuppiter augeat annos.

Gregory Nazianzenus, *Εἰς Βασίλειον* (quoted by M. Antonius Muretus, *Variae lectiones*, IX, 1.): καὶ προσθεῖναι τι τῆς ἐαυτῶν ζωῆς ἕκαστος ἐκείνῳ, εἴπερ οἶόν τε, πρόθυμος ᾔν.

Vollmer (*Stattus l. c.*) also mentions the Hypothesis of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, but *Consol. ad Liviam*, 413; *Anthol. Lat.* (*Carm. Epig.*, Buecheler), 1080, 3; 1116, 5; 1257, 11; 1551, 4, and *Stattus*, *Silvae* II, 3, 74, are none of them in point.

As I said in my note, modern parallels are not common. The most notable perhaps of all is the passage towards the end of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Day 10, Novel 3, in which Nathan and Mithridanes are showing off their generosity to each other. For example, among other things Nathan says:

Piccol dono è donare cento anni: quanto adunque è minore donarne sei o otto che io a star ci abbia? Prendila adunque, se ella t' aggradea, io te ne priego.

And among other things Mithridanes replies:

Tolga Iddio che così cara cosa, come la vostra vita è no che io da voi dividendola la prenda, ma pur la disideri, come poco avanti faceva: alla quale non che io diminuissi gli anni suoi, ma io l' aggiugnerei volentier de' miei.

F. D. Guerazzi, *Beatrice Cenci*, chap. 31, makes Beatrice say, in her last speech to her friends, the 'Sette Vergini':

Io vorrei lasciarvi gli anni che avrei dovuto vivere per aggiuntarli ai vostri: e meglio le contentezze che avrei dovuto godere.

In his 'Epistula ad clarissimum poetam regium Faustum Andrelinum, praeceptorem suum quam optime meritum' (*Poemata aliquot insignia illustrium poetarum recentiorum*, Basileae, 1544), Claudius Baudinus says:

Sum iuvenis; Divi, nostrum superaddite vitae
Tempus adorando post sua fata seni

Huic date quod fati decreto vivere possum;
Sit phoenix illi vita, cicada mihi.

Pro Polluce vices gerat et pro Castore; ut annos
Vixerit ipse suos vivat et inde meos.

According to Witkowski, *L'Art Profane à l'Eglise*, Paris, 1908, p. 63, the last two lines of the epitaph of Dorothea Tonna in the Church of St. Mark, Trent, are:

Immatura peri: sed tu diuturnior, annos
Vive meos, coniux optime, vive tuos.

Tibullus I, 6, 81-82.

Hanc animo gaudente vident iuvenumque catervae
Commemorant merito tot mala ferre senem:

The exceptional use of *senem* as a feminine in this passage is thus commented upon by Pontanus in his *Charon* (Opera, Basel, vol. 2, p. 1170):

At a Tibullo Albio comiter fuisse exceptum cumque Pedanum me vocari dicerem, gaudium eum exhibuisse, arbitratum Pedo, in cuius agros habuisset, oriundum esse atque huius rei gratia docuisse me nomen 'senex' apud vetustissimos latinos communis fuisse generis, propterea quod dixisse se cum de anicula loqueretur, 'merito tot mala ferre senem?'

Apropos of the 'Blue Loire' (Tibullus I, 7, 12), Robert Barr, in his novel of Cardillac, chap. 12, says that the river is:

"In spring a raging, resistless flood, spreading from bank to bank, but now, under the moonlight, seeming a serious and placid stream, intersected by long patches of gravel islands and peninsulas, white and gleaming between glittering stretches of blue water."

Since my note on Jupiter Pluvius was written (I, 7, 26) Professor Mustard has discovered the following examples of its use:

Augustinus Favoritius *Ad Ferdinandum Furstenbergium*; *De nocturno bubonis cantu in Albano secessu* (Septem Illustrium Virorum Poemata. Amstelodami, ap. Elzevirium, 1672, p. 98):

Interdum iuvat arboribus decerpere poma:
Interdum nemoris fingere falce comam:
Irriguosque iugo rivos inducere campis,
Cum pluvium tellus poscit hiulca Iovem.

Again in his *Ophigenia*, *Ad Sigismundum Chisium in Albano rusticantem* (*id. ibid.* p. 120),

Sive Notus venas et spiramenta relaxans,
Terrarum fibris abstrusos elicit angues,
Reddit ut aere silex ignem percussa latentem,
Seu natura soli pluvio Iove concipit illos,
Tactaque sole novo conceptos edit in auras,
Omnia qui sparsi repunt per membra Gigantis.

More interesting because it shows that the tradition of this phrase in English was at least half a century older than the first example of it quoted by the Oxford Dictionary is a passage in the Ingoldsby Legends (Jerry Jarvis's Wig, about the middle):

"Joseph worked on; and when at last Jupiter Pluvius descended in all his majesty, soaking the ground into the consistency of dingy pudding."

Barham, the author of the Ingoldsby Legends, died in 1845. Again, Mary Russell Mitford, who died in 1855, says in her Village Tales and Sketches (August 15, The Hard Summer):

Shivering under the influence of the Jupiter Pluvius of England, the watery St. Swithin.

Tibullus I, 7, 29-34,

Primus aratra, etc.

are quoted by Fr. Bartolomé de las Casas in his *Apologetica Historia de las Indias*, cap. lxxvii [Nueva Biblioteca de Autores Españoles, 13, p. 199, Madrid, 1909].

Apropos of *coma* as applied to foliage (I, 7, 34, note), Richard Niccols [The Cuckow. At etiam cubat cuculus: surge amator, i domum. Richardus Niccols, in Artibus Bac. Oxon. Aulae Mag.—At London Printed by F. K. and are to be sold by W. C. 1607] speaks of

"The loftie trees, whose leavie lockes did shake,
And with the wind did daliance seeme to make."

Tibullus I, 7, 37-38.

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu,
Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos:

Speaking of the use of music in the churches, Guillaume Bouchet, Sieur de Brocourt, 1513-1597 [Les Sérées, Paris, Lemerre, 1873, vol. I., p. 160], says:

'Seroit-ce point [i. e., ceste defense] à cause du prouerbe qui dit, personne ne chante à ieun, et que les chantres aiment le vin? Et pourtant lisez-vous en Ovide:

Pareillement par le vin que augmente
Le bon esprit, des vers rimez on chante.

Et Tibulle:

Ceste liqueur enseigne divers tons,
Et à danser soubz l'accord des chansons.

Tibullus I, 7, 63-64.

At tu, Natalis multos celebrande per annos,
Candidior semper candidiorque veni.

Chariteo, p. 119, Sonetto C, 12-14.

Volgi & rinova i tuoi tempi quieti,
Et sia sempre miglior il tuo ritorno,
Et più felice, & pien d' augurii lieti.

Tibullus I, 9, 65-66.

Et tua perdidicit: nec tu, stultissime, sentis
Cum tibi non solita corpus ab arte movet.

Under ordinary circumstances the following four illustrations of the point of this Tibullian distich might be cited as echoes, but it is practically certain that except perhaps in the case of Piron they are not to be associated in the remotest degree with any Roman author. The first (Alexis Piron, *Oeuvres Badines*, Bruxelles, 1820, p. 90) reads:

Jeanneton en la nuit première,
Son mari dessus elle étant,
Remuait des mieux le derrière,
Et puis disait en s'ébattant:
'Mon doux ami que j'aime tant,
Fais-je pas bien de cette sorte?'
Le mari lors qui se transporte
Lui répond de courroux épris:
'Oui, mais que le grand diable emporte
Ceux qui vous en ont tant appris.'

Of which, apparently, the following Italian epigram (Tempietto di Venere, Londra [n. d.], p. 115) is merely a translation:

La prima notte, piena d'appetito,
Lisetta sotto il giovine marito
S'agitava coi lombi e con le rene,
E a lui dicea: 'Ti par ch'io faccia bene?'
Ei di amor fra i trasporti,
Risposele arrabbiato:
'Sì, che il diavol ti porti
Con quei che a far sì ben t' hanno insegnato.'

Quite innocent of any sort of literary background is the following epigram which I found in a college paper some four or five years ago. Unfortunately I am now quite unable to give the exact reference:

All summer the lover has been on the rack,
And he is not happy precisely
To find that the girl that he's engaged to comes back
With a wonderful gift to kiss nicely!

The latest illustration of this theme to come to my notice is to be found in *Puck*, Nov. 7, 1914, p. 15. A picture of a young man and maid making desperate love in the corner of the parlour. The picture is entitled, *The Thorn*, and underneath are the following verses:

No other eyes that e'er met mine
 Have had that deep yet simple lure—
 Eyes maddening as age-old wine
 And yet so clear and pure.
 No other lips I e'er did press
 Were moistened so with honey-dew
 Or parted thus in a caress
 As mine sank softly through.
 No other breast e'er pillowed me
 With such a throbbing rhythmic swell,
 As if, within, a restless sea
 Of yearning rose and fell.
 No other arms about me thrown
 So heavy on my shoulders bore,
 As though a life that stood alone
 Could stand alone no more.
 No other heart I ever met
 So evidently for me burned.
 With all my soul I love her, yet—
 I wonder where she learned!

Tibullus I, 10, 1-8.

Quis fuit horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
 Quam ferus et vere ferreus ille fuit!
 Tum caedes hominum generi, tum proelia nata,
 Tum brevior dirae mortis aperta via est,
 An nihil ille miser meruit, nos ad mala nostra
 Vertimus in saevas quod dedit ille feras?
 Divitis hoc vitium est auri, nec bella fuerunt,
 Faginus astabat cum scyphus ante dapes.

Chariteo, p. 183, Canzone XVII, 81-96.

Ben fu senza pietà quel ferreo petto,
 Quell' animo feroce,
 Che fu inventor del ferro, horrendo & forte
 D' allhora incominciò la pugna atroce
 La venenosa Aletto:
 Et di più breve via per l' impia morte
 Aperse le atre porte;
 Ma non fu in tutto colpa di quel primo:
 Ché ciò, che lui trovò col bel sapere
 In contro a l' aspre fere,

Noi ne li nostri danni hor convertimo.
 Questo advien, (se 'l falso io non estimo)
 Di fame di thesoro,
 Ch' ogni petto mortal tene captivo:
 Ché pria che fusse l' oro
 Non era il ferro al' huom tanto nocivo!

Tibullus I, 10, 45 ff.

Interea Pax arva colat. Pax candida primum
 Duxit araturos sub iuga curva boves:
 Pax aluit vites et sucos condidit uvae, etc.

Chariteo, p. 183, Canzone XVII, 97-102.

Ai, pace; ai, ben!, di buon si desiato!,
 Alma pace & tranquilla,
 Per cui luce la terra e 'l ciel profondo;
 Pace, d' ogni cittade & d' ogni villa,
 D' ogni animal creato
 Letitia, & gioia del sidereo mondo.

Tibullus I, 10, 67-68.

At nobis, Pax alma, veni spicamque teneto,
 Perfluat et pomis candidus ante sinus.

Chariteo, p. 183, Canzone XVII, 103-4.

Mostra il volto giocondo,
 Et, con la spica o i dolci frutti in seno, etc.

Chariteo, p. 390, Cantico III, 25-27 (speaking of Amor),

Ne la sua man portava una aurea spica,
 Et un pampineo ramo, intorno avvolto
 A l' aratro, de l' huom dolce fatica.

For which Percopo also cites Tibullus I, 10, 45-47.

Tibullus II, 1, 81-82.

Sancte, veni dapibus festis, sed pone sagittas
 Et procul ardentis hinc precor abde faces!

Compare Lessing, *An Amor, Lieder*, vol. I, p. 128, Stuttgart, 1886:

Komm auch ohne Pfeil und Bogen,
 Ohne Fackel angezogen
 Stelle dich, um mir lieb zu sein, etc.

Tibullus II, 2, 1 ff.

Dicamus bona verba: venit Natalis ad aras:
 Quisquis ades, lingua, vir mulierque, fave, etc.

Chariteo, p. 118, Sonetto C, 5 ff.

Dicano hor caste, pie, sante parole,
Ecco 'l dolce natal, fausto & giocondo
Del gran Pontano, a null' altro secondo
In le virtù, ch' Apollo honora & cole.

Tibullus II, 3, 11-14,

Pavit et Admeti tauros formosus Apollo,
Nec cithara intonsae profueruntve comae,
Nec potuit curas sanare salubribus herbis:
Quidquid erat medicae vicerat artis amor,

are imitated by Angelo Poliziano, Stanze I, 108.

Diventa Febo in Tessaglia un pastore;
E' n picciola capanna sì ripone
Colui ch' a tutto 'l mondo dà splendore;
Nè gli giova a sanar sue piaghe acerbe,
Perchè conosca le virtù dell' erbe.

Tibullus II, 4, 19,

Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quaero,

evidently inspired the following mediaeval epigram, to be found, for instance, in the *Nugae Venales*, *Crepundia Poetica*, p. 27.

Ad dominam intrepido vis tendere carmina cursu?
Scire operae pretium est quo pede versus eat:
Nimirum pedibus metrorum ex omnibus unum
Prae reliquis mulier dactylon omnis amat.

Tibullus II, 5, 109-110.

Et mihi praecipue. iaceo cum saucius annum
Et faveo morbo, cum iuvat ipse dolor

seems to have suggested to Angelo Poliziano, Stanze I, 13, 8,

Sì bel titol d' amore ha dato 'l mondo
A un cieca peste, a un mal giocondo,

and again in his *Orfeo*, Atto, 1.

Aristeo ama, e diamar non vuole,
Nè guarir cerca di sì dolci noglie.

Compare also Benserade, *Regrets*, p. 155.

Je favorise mon martyre
Et déteste ma guérison.

For Chariteo, Sonetto CCX, p. 247,

Non fulge nel mio albergo auro nè avorio,
La vana ambitione in odio tegno:
De la benigna vena del mio ingegno,
Di fede & mente retta io sol mi glorio,

Percopo cites Tibullus III, 3, 11, 13, 16, but the real inspiration of this sonnet, as Percopo, himself, shows, is the famous Ode of Horace (II, xviii) which begins

Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar,
Non trabes Hymettiae
Premunt columnas ultima recisas, etc.

Tibullus III, 4, 63.

Sed flecti poterit: mens est mutabilis illis:

Chariteo, p. 123, Sonetto CVII, 13-14.

Ma come è fermo un odioso stato,
Fuor di natura, in petto femminile?

Tibullus III, 5, 4 [Lygdamus],

Cum se purpureo vere remittit humus,

is the motto and inspiration of Frédéric Plessis' 'Le Lac Natal' Vesper, Paris, Lemerre, n. d. p. 9.

Le printemps, sous sa pourpre, a réparé la terre; etc.

His Gloire Latine, Vesper, p. 1, begins thus:

Ne crains pas si la route est sombre où je te mène:
L'ombre y vient des lauriers mêlés aux tamaris,
De ceux qui plaisaient tant à la muse romaine
Quand l'Aurore et Vesper connaissaient Lycoris.

Quand l'eau de Bandusie, interdite au profane,
Dans son cristal, teinté par la rose et le vin,
Reflétait un front d'or de jeune courtisane
Auprès de ton front brun, poète au chant divin!

Quand, d'ache couronné, le nom de Quintilie,
Ou le tien, Némésis, ou, Néère, le tien,
Avaient conquis le monde à la mélancolie
Avant le mort de Pan et le règne chrétien

De demain ne craignant ni l'oubli ni l'insulte,
Pour avoir, deux mille ans bientôt, bravé leurs coups,
Ce monde sans égal offre à qui cherche un culte
Ses temples habités par des dieux grands et doux.

It is of interest to observe that for Boileau the representatives of the Elegy are Tibullus and Ovid. Propertius is entirely ignored. Boileau in his *Art Poétique*, Chant II, 38 ff., says :

D'un ton un peu plus haut, mais pourtant sans audace,
 La plaintive élégie, en longs habits de deuil,
 Sait les cheveux épars, gémir sur un cercueil.
 Elle peint des amants la joie et la tristesse.
 Flatte, menace, irrite, apaise une maîtresse.
 Mais, pour bien exprimer ces caprices heureux,
 C'est peu d'être poète, il faut être amoureux.
 Je hais ces vains auteurs, dont la muse forcée
 M'entretient de ses feux, toujours froide et glacée,
 Qui s'affligent par art, et, fous de sens rassis,
 S'érigent, pour rimer, en amoureux transis.
 Leurs transports les plus doux ne sont que phrases vaines ;
 Ils ne savent jamais que se charger de chaînes,
 Que bénir leur martyre, adorer leur prison,
 Et faire quereller les sens et la raison.
 Ce n'était pas jadis sur ce ton ridicule
 Qu'Amour dictait les vers que soupirait Tibulle,
 Ou que, du tendre Ovide animant les doux sons,
 Il donnait de son art les charmantes leçons.
 Il faut que le coeur seul parle dans l'élégie.

Again, Horace, *Odes*, I, 33, 1,

Albi ne doleas, etc.

addressed to Tibullus, is the heading and suggestion of Plessis' *Sagesse, Amour* (*Vesper*, p. 31). In this poem, the position of Tibullus is occupied by Plessis, and that of Horace by Leopold Sudre. For example, Sudre is made to say :

Si j'avais le discret badinage d'Horace,
 J'essaierais par mes vers de ranimer ta foi,
 Jeune homme qu'un amour invincible terrasse . . .
 Albius, il est vrai, fut moins triste que toi.

To which Plessis replies (p. 33) :

Crois-tu vraiment qu'Horace ait consolé Tibulle,
 Ami sage, censeur des tristesses d'autrui?
 Le jour que m'annonçaient tes vers ne m'a pas lui ;
 Son soleil ironique à l'horizon recule . . .
 La mesure est divine et tout excès nuisible,
 Et qui l'a mal choisi s'obstine à tort au but.
 Horace avait raison mais Tibulle en mourut . . .
 Et toi, n'as-tu jamais dessiné l'impossible?

Tibullus III, 6, 56.

Perfida, sed, quamvis perfida, cara tamen!

William Hayley, *Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper*, Chichester, vol. II, 1803, p. 279.

"In many, many passages" (Hayley is discussing Pope's version of the *Iliad*) "where it deviates widely from the original, a Reader of taste and candour admires both the dexterity, and the dignity of the translator, and if he allows the version to be unfaithful, yet with Mr. Twining (the accomplished Translator of Aristotle, who has justly and gracefully applied an expressive Latin Verse to this glorious Translation, so bitterly branded with the epithet unfaithful!) he tenderly exclaims

'*Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen*.'

Thomas Twining (1735-1804), apart from his famous translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, or, as he entitled it, *Treatise on Poetry*, London, 1789, appears to have published nothing but three sermons.

The *Panegyricus Messallae* is imitated in *Canzone VII* (*Chariteo*) in the most deliberate and relentless manner. The passages noted by Percopo are as follows:

Tibullus IV, 1, 28-32.

Nam quamquam antiquae gentis superant tibi laudes,
Non tua maiorum contenta est gloria fama,
Nec quaeris quid quaque index sub imagine dicat,
Sed generis priscos contendis vincere honores,
Quam tibi maiores maius decus ipse futuris:

Chariteo, p. 76, *Canzone VII*, 43-51.

Benché di tuoi maggiori i celebri atti
Sonan con chiara tromba in ogni parte,
Tu de la gloria lor non ti contenti;
Ma con favor di Pallade & di Marte
Contendi superar la fama o' fatti
De le passate vostre antiche genti.
Sei le passate vostre antiche genti,
Sei preclaro ornamento a li presenti,
A li posterì tuoi non dubbia speme
De riposo, d'honore & gloria vera.

Tibullus IV, 1, 39-40.

Nam quis te maiora gerit castrisve forove?
Nec tamen hic aut hic tibi laus maiorve minorve.

Chariteo, p. 76, Canzone VII, 55-56.

Non si vedrà giamai, nè si sagace,
Invitto & forte sempre in arme e'n pace.

Tibullus IV, I, 45-47.

Nam seu diversi fremat inconstantia vulgi,
Non alius sedare queat: seu iudicis ira
Sit placanda, tuis poterit mitescere verbis.

Chariteo, p. 76, Canzone VII, 57-62.

Però che mai nessun con tal dolcezza
Seppe affrenar l' indomita insolentia
De l' inconstante volgo & inquieto.
Tu vinci con soave, alta eloquentia
Ogn' animo crudel, pien di durezza,
E'l mesto fai in un momento lieto.

Tibullus IV, I, 50-51.

Vixerit ille senex quamvis, dum terna per orbem
Saecula fertilibus Titan decurreret horis.

Chariteo, p. 78, Canzone VII, 98

Poi de la tua Nestorea etade antica.

Tibullus IV, I, 82-88.

Nam te non alius belli tenet aptius artes,
Qua deceat tutam castris praeducere fossam,
Qualiter adversos hosti defigere cervos,
Quemve locum ducto melius sit claudere vallo,
Fontibus ut dulces erumpat terra liquores,
Ut facilisque tuis aditus sit et arduus hosti,
Laudis et adsiduo vigeat certamine miles.

Tibullus IV, I, 91-94.

Aut quis equum celeremve arto compescere freno
Possit et effusas tardo permittere habenas
Inque vicem modo directo contendere passu,
Seu libeat, curvo brevius convertere gyro.

Chariteo, p. 77, Canzone VII, 71-76.

Tu non ignori in quale arte di guerra,
E'n qual guisa l' esercito sicuro,
Mover bisogna, o posare, o munire,
Dove conven signar la fossa o'l muro,
Et dove più feconda sia la terra,
Più commoda a difesa & a ferire.

Tibullus IV, 1, 106-107.

At non per dubias errant mea carmina laudes :
Nam bellis experta cano. Testis mihi victae, etc.

Chariteo, p. 75, Canzone VII, 15.

Non voglio errando andar per dubbie lode.

Chariteo, p. 133, Canzone X, 82-83.

Nè gir conven per lode incerte errando,
Ché da qua l' alpe & oltre, in mare, in terra.

Tibullus IV, 2, 5-6.

Illius ex oculis, cum vult exurere divos,
Accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor.

In my note on this passage, I cited a number of echoes and parallels of this pretty conceit. See also Marbury Ogle, *Origin and Tradition of Literary Conceits*, A. J. P. XXXIV, p. 133, where among various examples quoted cf. Chapman, *First Sonnet to His Mistress Philosophy* :

Lovers kindling your enraged fires
At Cupid's bon-fires burning in the eye.

I am now able to add the following from Angelo Poliziano, *Stanze*, I, 44, 1-2.

Folgoran gli occhi d' un dolce sereno,
Ove sue faci tien Cupido ascose, etc.

It is perhaps worth noting that the *Stanze* of Poliziano belonged to an early stage of his literary development, during which he appears to have been considerably influenced by the *Elegiac Poets*.

This is also the passage of Tibullus which Federico Luigini da Udine has in mind when he says in his *Libro della Bella Donna* (*Trattati del Cinquecento*, Bari, 1913, p. 238), while discussing the sort of eyes a lady should have :

Poiché ho dimostrato gli occhi di questa donna dovere essere neri, non erranti e pietosi al guardo, io voglio anco che sieno luminosi e sfavillanti in guisa, che contendere con le chiarissime stelle, nel limpidissimo el serenissimo cielo scintillanti, possano senza vergogna niuna. Tali erano quelli di Dafne fuggitiva: tali quelli di Narciso, come ci scopre Ovidio; tali quelli di Laura, come ci mostra 'l Petrarca nel sonetto "Amor ed io si pien di meraviglia"; e in quello "Quel sempre

acerbo", e in altri luoghi assai; tali quelli di Amaranta presso al Sannazaro; tali quelli di Anzia, bella innamorata di messer Tito Strozza, il padre, presso al primo libro de' suoi Amori; tali quei di Sulpizia presso a Tibullo al quarto libro; tali quei di Cinzia presso a Propertio al secondo. L' Aristio in Alcina paragona gli occhi di lei iperbolicamente al sole; il che veggio aver fatto il Petrarca ne' sonetti "Qual ventura me fu", e "I vidi in terra".

Tibullus IV, 4, 19-20.

Phoebe, fave: laus magna tibi tribuetur in uno
Corpore servato restituisset duos.

Professor Mustard notes the evident echo of this distich in Claudio Tolomei (1492-1554) *Ad Apolline per il Molsa* (La Poesia Barbara nei secoli xv e xvi, a cura di Giosuè Carducci, Bologna, 1881, p. 44).

Sulpizia salvando pria, salvasti Cherintho.
Fu di Cherintho vita quella di Sulpizia.
Che nome Sulpizia? che fama ti porse Cherintho?
Salvine qui mille, là ne guaristi due.

Menage seems to have admired this distich of Tibullus, but much as he may have admired it, he ascribed it to another author:

'Quand j'apprens la maladie de quelques-uns de mes amis', he says (*Menagiana*, Paris, 1715, vol. III, p. 220), 'je me souviens toujours de ce Distique de Catulle:

Phoebe, fave, laus magna tibi tribuetur in uno
Corpore servato restituisset duos.'

'Ce n'est pas Catulle', says Bernard de la Monnoye in his editorial note *ad loc.*, 'c'est Tibulle 4, Eleg. 4, imité depuis par Ovide 2. Amor. 13.'

Tibullus IV, 5, 13-14.

Nec tu sis iniusta, Venus: vel serviat aequo
Vinctus uterque tibi, vel mea vincla leva.

Cf. Shirley, *Love in a Maze* (vol. 2, p. 365).

Kill me with love, thou angry son
Of Cytherea, or let one,
One sharp golden arrow fly,
To wound her heart for whom I die.
Cupid, if thou beest a child,
Be no god, or be more mild.

Tibullus IV, 11, is thus very poorly translated by Byron in his *Hours of Idleness* (*Works*, ed. Coleridge. London, 1898, vol. I, p. 74) :

Cruel Cerinthus! does the fell disease
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please?
Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for Life and you again;
But, now, I scarcely shall bewail my fate:
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

Tibullus IV, 13, is thus freely imitated by Thomas Moore in a poem which he entitles, ' *Tibullus to Sulpicia* '.

"Never shall woman's smile have power
To win me from those gentle charms!"
Thus swore I, in that happy hour,
When Love first gave thee to my arms.
And still alone thou charm'st my sight—
Still, tho' our city proudly shine
With forms and faces, fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,
And couldst no heart but mine allure!—
To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest
Of others' envy, others' praise;
But, in its silence safely blest,
Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
All cares are husht, all ills subdued—
My light in even the darkest hour,
My crowd in deepest solitude!

No, not tho' heaven itself sent down
Some maid of more than heavenly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would he for her forsake those arms!

KIRBY FLOWER SMITH.